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THE INTELLIGENCER.

WHEELING, JUNE 15, 1900.

The Register in Pain.

The fatulent Register went into a paroxysm of pain yesterday, because the Intelligencer held up the corruption of the party and its policy of negro-baiting, the same policy it pursued in 1896, when in that campaign it attempted to frighten the people by the unjustifiable assertion that if the Republicans were triumphant we would have mixed schools. This was flaunted in the faces of intelligent people, when every citizen who knew anything at all was aware that such a thing was impossible for the reason that it was prohibited by the state constitution. Now, this same conscienceless Democracy is paving the way for another campaign on the same lines, and the cry has gone out, "we must down the negro vote."

The Intelligencer has maintained, and iterates what every fair-minded citizen knows to be a fact, that the ballot box in 1898 was most shamefully debauched, and that the head and front of that crime was the master hand that directed the forces that nominated Holt at Parkersburg. Politically John T. McGraw will stop at nothing to gain his object. He overreached himself in 1898, but he is again in the saddle, and nothing that his dangerously ingenious mind can suggest will be left undone to make another desperate charge on the integrity of the franchise. In spite of all these things, which have been made so plain that a wayfaring fool has no occasion to err in a clear reading of the indictment, the Register attempts to divert the public mind from the corrupt machinations of its own party by the thinly veiled assumption of probity that this year "the Republicans will be watched." Oh, that the Democrats had been under closer surveillance than they were in 1898 when they rioted in the despoliation of the rights of the people in violating the legal election of Republican members of the legislature, and threatening the seats of others until brought to a standstill by members of that party alarmed at the enormity of the offenses committed.

There is no use trying to get away from the main point at issue by irrelevant allusions, or by glorifying one of the nominees on the state ticket by exploiting his recidivist ability to round up "one-legged niggers," a qualification that Colonel Jos. Chilton thought should recommend him to the approval of that great Democratic gathering at Parkersburg, and which did prove effective in gaining for him the nomination. This cry of the illegal voting of colored men is raised to distract attention from the proven crimes of a corrupt Democracy. It is an old and over-used subterfuge, the only resort of an incompetent and discredited party.

None Blind Jones.

The chairman of the National Democratic committee actually needs a pair of highly magnifying spectacles to enable him to see things. The Intelligencer has referred before to the falling eyesight of Mr. Jones, and his range of vision seems to be getting worse instead of better. Ever since he returned from Europe and announced that he failed to see anything of the prosperity he had heard so much about it has been suspected that his optical nerves are in a diseased state. The latest indications that point to his ophthalmic affliction are paradoxical, for he affects to see without sight. He says he does not "see" why Bryan's chances are not much better than they were four years ago.

This is a pitiful condition to be in, indeed. His reasons for the betterment of the Nebraska's chances are somewhat remarkable. "One of them," says the Journal of Commerce, "is that Mr. Bryan is better known than he was in 1896. Is it possible that any human being can suppose that Mr. Bryan improves on acquaintance—that is, in a political or public sense? Mr. Bryan is an indefatigable talker and writer, but the more he says the more his superficiality, his illogicality and the narrow limits of his range of information appear. The most important change in conditions, however, is not personal, but a change in the commercial condition of the country. Mr. Bryan is emphatically what is known in the west as a 'calamity howler.' That sort of person receives a good deal of attention when everybody is dejected, and very little when everybody is prosperous and happy. If a man feels poor he is ready to listen to almost any explanation of the fact that does not reflect upon him, and he is peculiarly susceptible to the fact that does not reflect upon him. But just after he has bought a new buggy and a horse, taken up a note at the bank, and had to send his money out of the state for deposit because the banks of his state decline to receive any more deposits when no one will borrow

of them, he has little time to listen to the man who will tell him how much more prosperous he might have been had some things been different; for instance, if the crime of 1873 had not been committed."

The Chinese Problem.

The magnitude of the actual and possible commercial interests of the United States in China cannot be disputed, but in the present difficulties in China there is a much more important matter at stake—the lives of American missionaries and citizens. Some of the self-sacrificing class who were imparting light to the darkened souls of the heathen have already been massacred by the fanatical "Boxers," and at last reports others were in imminent danger. The safety of these people is the first consideration, but with all this at stake the administration, owing to the complexity of the situation—spheres of influence and the greed of other nations for slices of the Celestial Empire—is compelled to move with extreme conservatism. In this perplexity the administration is disposed to leave much to Minister Conger's judgment, because he is on the ground and in a position to judge conditions exactly, and because action which he finds necessary for the protection of American interests will be more easy to explain than action which may be deliberately ordered from Washington.

In discussing the attitude of the President and his advisers in this delicate crisis a Washington correspondent sums up the situation as follows:

There is fear at the state department that public sentiment is not yet ready to sustain the administration in an aggressive policy which goes beyond the immediate demands of the moment. It is fully determined that no alliance shall be made with Great Britain, nor even shall there be any direct co-operation with her to the exclusion of other powers, except so far as it may be actually forced upon the United States officers in China by the course of events. The proposal that the United States should take the lead in enforcing order in China would undoubtedly have the cordial approval of the British and Japanese governments. If not of the governments of Russia, Germany and France. A plain intimation of the feeling of at least one government on this subject has been conveyed to the state department.

President McKinley is determined, however, to do nothing which will compromise the present strong position of the United States or put it in the attitude of wanton assault upon the integrity of the Chinese empire. It is felt at the white house and the state department that whether the United States should finally become the guardian of order in China, or should maintain its present attitude in favor of the complete integrity of China under the present government, the wisest course at present is to act only for the direct protection of American citizens, and make no indefensible demands upon the government of Peking.

Voice from the Philippines.

In another column of this issue a Philippine correspondent of the Intelligencer writes entertainingly on the question of the hour in this country, whether the United States shall retain absolute possession of the Pacific islands, or whether they shall be governed by a protectorate. The testimony he gives as to the present situation in the archipelago is the deduction of a very intelligent observer of affairs in that country, and is given without a tinge of partisan feeling.

His urgent appeal for a careful study of the problem of government for the Philippines by all Americans shows that the American citizens now in the Philippines as soldiers are awaiting with more than usual interest the outcome of the declarations of the two great political conventions about to meet, and we infer from his letter that their greatest hopes lie with the Republican party for a definite and intelligent expression on the subject. The Intelligencer believes that it can assure the Americans in the Philippines, those who love their country and are upholding its honor and integrity, that the great Republican party, which has never yet shirked a responsibility, will meet all their expectations in this matter. It cannot possibly afford to do otherwise and retain the confidence of the people.

The Democracy may howl about "imperialism" all it pleases, for call it by what name you please, the United States must govern the Philippines absolutely until the people of those islands shall have shown themselves capable of participating in the government, and appreciating the benefits of a civilization that is now offered them at the hands of this country.

Locks and dams are serviceable for more than one thing, as was attested in the Kanawha river last week, when 150 barges of coal were started from the mouth of that river to southern ports. This is one of the largest shipments of Kanawha coal ever made by water. The amount of coal was 2,500,000 bushels. The Ohio river has been very low for some time and it was impossible to get the coal down, but a good plan was hit upon by the government officials, who opened the dams in the Kanawha river and thus produced an artificial rise in the river that served to carry the big fleet to Cincinnati, where it arrived Friday. This plan will probably be resorted to many times hereafter when the water can be spared from the Kanawha river. The fleet had all been dropped down that stream to Point Pleasant, so there was not much to do up the river for a time, and in this case the water could be spared without inconvenience above.

The Coal Trade Journal, of New York, in its last issue, has the following: "Hon. S. B. Ellkins is spoken of for vice president on the Republican ticket. 'He combines,' said Senator Stokes, of New Jersey, recently, 'more elements of availability than any other prominent Republican. Born in Ohio, brought up in Missouri, where he taught school and was admitted to the bar, identified for fourteen years with the development and political life of New Mexico, and now a resident of West Virginia, he is representative of the west and south, and his large business connections make him acceptable to Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland, while New York would probably regard him with almost as much favor as Cornelius N. Bliss.'"

For the first time since Bryan began talking in public he exhibited a fine vein of humor in his Chicago interview, in which he let loose this flight of fancy: "I should say our plan of campaign will be to carry every state in

the union. Cannot carry all of them? I wouldn't speak so harshly of the people of any state as to say that I thought the people there intended to support the Republican party." That's funny, for you, Billy, and quite up to the standard of Democratic humor.

The death of Isaiah Warren last evening removes another old citizen of Wheeling—one that grew up with the city, witnessing its gradual metamorphosis from a straggling town to the pretentious dimensions and metropolitan distinctions it has attained to-day. Mr. Warren was one of the successful business men of Wheeling, and was probably one of the first refiners of petroleum in the country. His death following that of Henry K. List and a long line of other citizens who in the fullness of years have passed away in recent years, suggests the reflection that very few of the "oldest citizens" are left and that the business activities of Wheeling are rapidly being assumed and directed by the younger generation.

During the year 1899 the payments on life insurance in West Virginia amounted to \$689,443, of which amount \$188,397 was paid to beneficiaries in Wheeling. The next largest amount was distributed in Parkersburg—\$58,843. Echo Point is down in the list for \$17,750, which is really Wheeling, and that sum added swells the total distribution among beneficiaries in this city to \$206,147, which puts Wheeling well up in the list of the cities of the country reported in the Insurance Press.

"I say," Mr. Bryan said, "that I think the three big questions before us are money, trusts and imperialism."—Bryan interview.

You are right, and you are wrong on every one of them.

We congratulate our old friend, Editor McFadden, of the Steubenville Gazette, on his nomination at Columbus. Later on he shall have our sympathy.

If the senate was in session we would hear Pettigrew charging up the "Boxer" insurrection to President McKinley.

John Roll McLean was left out in the cold. Now watch out for bombs from the Enquirer.

The chairman of the Ohio Democratic convention had to send in a police call.

And yet the Democrats have the silly notion that they can carry Ohio.

The Ohio Democracy is mum on silver, but loud on Bryan.

The situation in China bears a very ugly look.

When Tom Died.

Tears dropping from the lids of her wash-woman's eyes into the white suds of the laundry tub, attracted the attention of a South Side matron the other day, and she made sympathetic inquiry as to what was the trouble. In her homely way, between sobs, the brawny laundress told a tale the pathos of which made her tender-hearted auditor grieve with indignation.

"'Twas a year ago to-day my good man breathed his last. God bless his soul," she began, in an honest, Irish brogue which seemed to carry conviction with it straight to the heart of the listener. "'Twas on a Friday, I was at the hospital Thursday with a bit of jelly and some wild flowers I had picked in the field to cheer him with, and 'Molly,' says he, 'would ye mind fixin' up some of those ginger cakes like ye know how to make, and bring them Sunday? I feel I can eat 'em.'"

"I was gone out washin'—had been ever since he was took sick with pneumonia—every day, mum, and it was with a heavy heart I left the hospital that Thursday night when the doctor said my good man might not get over it, he was that weakened. Friday and Saturday I worked early and late, making my bit of money each day, and Saturday night after I put my childer to bed I stirred the batter and made the ginger drops. I had 'em out in my basket, with a neat napkin around 'em that had been in the family for years, and I tried to look as cheerful as I could, with the thought he would be pleased to have the little cakes."

There was a pause, in which the washer woman rubbed the clothes and sobbed as if she would choke.

"He was dead, mum," she continued, after an effort. "His body was all cold in the morgue since the Friday morning, and they hadn't let me know, mum, they hadn't let me know a word, and there were the cakes what he had wanted so bad and he hadn't had them afore he went. It was two days he had been there, so cold, two days, mum."

There was another pause, during which the tears of both women flowed freely, and the rubbing was continued.

"Now, mum, my Tom nor me had never legged nor borrowed a cent, and when I was sick with the rheumatism in the hospital he had such a good look of me as befit a queen, and with the washing I did I tried to do the same thing by him as he had done for me, but with our misfortune we hadn't anything ahead, what with doctorin' bills, clothes for the children and everything. So I didn't want him to be took to the pauper's grave. I didn't want to do it, and I didn't want to let the neighbors as I wouldn't have them point the finger at the childer, and say as how they had helped pay for buryin' their father, so I bethought me of goin' to my landlord, what had been gettin' his 35 rent on us every month for five years since we were wed. The landlord was a mean man, sometimes, but I thought to myself how he'd be sure to be glad to help me for the once, which was the only time I had asked him."

"I don't want Tom to be took to pauper ground," says I to him. "We always come up with our dutter, air," I says. "What do you want?" says he, severe-like. "Oh, air," says I, "won't you help me give Tom a black coffin and a lot on consecrated ground? I'd rather he'd hit me than say what he did. 'What's the difference?' he said. 'Wouldn't it be better that he'd be cut up in a hospital than that you should be round disgracin' his name a-beggin'?" he said. "Don't you think you can coax anything out of me," says he, and I went away, without knowin' where I went, with Tom cold in the morgue, and everything. I kep' a-walkin' until I saw a policeman, and then I went to the police station and told them what he had said to me. They said what he'd said wasn't nothin' that he could be arrested for, but God bless 'em, they raised \$3 between 'em and gave my Tom a decent burial. And ye mustn't say nothin' to me as how the policemen mum, but when I think I am goin' to cry, mum, and when I think of the little ginger cakes Tom wanted so bad and had to die without,"—Chicago News.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mytic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by R. H. List, 1019 Main street, Chas. McKenney, corner Market and Twenty-second streets, druggists.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Rough Dry Washed, Starched and Dried 5 cents per pound. Flat Work, Washed and Ironed, 5 cents per pound. All hand work finished 10 cents per pound. At LUTZ BROS., Home Steam Laundry.

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To and from Europe, via all lines, can be purchased from T. C. Burke, Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, who is also agent for the best of all tours—Raymond & Whitcomb—to the Paris exposition.

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Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gum, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. mwf

A BLESSING alike to young and old; Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; nature's specific for dysentery, diarrhoea and summer complaint.—4.



"My Wife Became Anxious."

There is cause for anxiety when a cough hangs on for a year and can't be shaken off. The quickest way to relieve that anxiety is to begin at once the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a cough remedy, but it is also a great deal more. In far advanced stages of disease, when hemorrhages have been frequent, and there have been emaciation and weakness, "Golden Medical Discovery" has produced a perfect cure. It increases the supply of the life fluid—blood. It cleanses the blood from impurities, and sends a current of rich, new blood to build up the weak places in the body with new life.

The "Discovery" is strictly a temperance medicine, non-alcoholic and non-narcotic.

"For one year I was troubled with a cough," writes Mr. H. E. Curtis, of Sumner, Bremer Co., Iowa. "As I continued to cough during the summer, my wife became anxious, and wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce for medical advice. It seemed to us that we could not go to a better source for advice, and so it proved, as the 'Golden Medical Discovery' which was recommended, proved just the medicine to effect a cure. Dr. Pierce and his medicines are 'As good as wheat,' as the farmers used to say."

Bad taste in the mouth is removed by using Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

After a man has eaten up his hunger, he begins on his own appetite.

A woman is never really happy after she gets to an age when she has to be nice to the men.

One of the advantages in a wife is having some one who is sure to tell you when you need to get your hair cut.

Self-satisfaction depends entirely on whether we judge ourselves by what we know more than other people, or by what other people know more than we do.

Women look dreadfully uncomfortable sitting around with a white shirt waist on, because they are afraid to lean back on anything for fear they will get dirt on it.—New York Press.

More About Maud Muller.

Maud Muller—the Maudie who raked the hay And gazed at the Judge on the summer day.

And, thanks to good Whittier's rhyming pen, Gave chances for parodies to other men.

Maud Muller got married, but not to the Judge And Whittier tells us that she had to drudge.

Maud Muller—for that was her maiden name Her married cognomen is unknown to fame.

It chances that she stood in the baby show, 'Mongst infants displayed in many a row.

Babies in satin and babies in silk, And babies to advertise "Balmright's Milk."

Babies that giggled and babies that cried, 'Twas there that the Judge by fair Maudie was spied.

The Judge was all dignity, portly and slow, For he was a-judging this infantile show.

And Maudie—the Maudie who charmed in her youth— Exhibited triplets in her dainty booth.

Three triplets (why, certainly there would be three)— And Maudie, nee Muller, all proudly, stood

The Judge ambled slowly down the display; When he saw the triplets he stopped in dismay.

Reflection came humming like bees in a swarm— He saw the new hay and the old Muller farm.

He saw the fair girl who was raking the hay— He thought of the blues which beset him that day.

He thought of the fancies he'd cherished so long— The fancies that Whittier put in his song.

He gazed at the triplets, and gasped with a grin, And a sigh of relief, "It might have been!"

He tied the blue ribbon on Maudie's dress— And most dignifiedly he ambled away.

But all through the day his reflections would go To Maudie—and then to the triplets on show.

"I'm thankful! I'm thankful!" he'd mutter, "because It might have been—but it never was!" —Baltimore American.

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POLITICAL.

REPUBLICAN CALENDAR.

July 11—State Nominating Convention, Charleston.

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